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CUP 21.g.40/10

AN ELEGY

On the much lamented Death of his Grace, ARCHIBALD Duke of ARGYLE,

OH! here's a ſad and very diſmal ſtory,
Scotland, alas! hath loſt her greateſt glory,
A nobleman, Archibald Duke of Argyle,
A Scotiſh Duke who hath a noble Stile,
Chief of the Campbells of an ancient clan,
And always was eſteem'd an honeſt man.
He's dead, alas! he's dead unto our grief,
And none but GOD can give to us relief.
He was one of our worthy ſixteen peers,
Who ſtood our country's cauſe without all fears,
A man of honour and of reputation,
Who did defend the glory of our nation.
He keeper was alſo of the Great-ſeal,
(And in this office he behaved well,)
Which unto him did love and honour bring,
Yea, even from his country and his king.
The king himſelf may tell unto his coſt,
A privy counſellor to him is loſt,
Who always had a good advice to give,
And did with honour in this poſt behave,
England itſelf for him their hearts may bleed,
But Scotland ſhould much more hang down their head,
And moan with briniſh tears, yea tears of blood,
He's dead who always did ſtand for their good;
His equal, ſure, he hath not left behind,
Who was unto his king and country kind.
EDINA for the loſs may ſadly mourn,
Their greateſt friend is laid into his urn;
Who ſhall we find to ſtand our nations cauſe,
For to defend our liberties and laws?
Our church, our ſtate, our honour, and our fame,
Argyle, in doing this, acquir'd a name,
Which in record will never be forgot,
A nobleman, a peer, and patriot.
But why ſhould we repine, ſince heav'nly powers
Were pleaſed to take away this friend of ours.
He's no more ſecretar to GEORGE our King,
Nor Scotiſh peer, nor no ſuch paultry thing,
Nor Seal-keeper, ſuch triffles he diſdains,
Becauſe he with the King of Heav'n reigns,
A ſtep above all monarchs in the land,
Who hath all happineſs at his command.
No toil, no trouble, is with him, nor grief,
From all theſe things he now hath got relief.
He with the cherubs ſings eternal praiſe,
To three in one, and one in three always.
God bring us all unto eternal reſt,
That we for ay in Heaven may be bleſt,
Where we ſhall honour have and glory ſtore,
And live, and reign with Chriſt for evermore.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a noble Duke interr'd
Who was by all mankind rever'd,
Now he's aſcended up on high,
To reign with CHRIST eternally.